In Twelve Instalments. Fifth Instalment To-Day.

# CONAN DOYLE'S LATEST SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

**"I tell you, Watson, this time we have a foeman worthy of our steel."**

*Sherlock Holmes.*

DR. JOSEPH BELL.

# THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

### *SYNOPSIS OF FORMER INSTALMENTS.*

Sir Charles Baskerville was found dead under mysterious circumstances that led the credulous to believe that he had been pursued to his end by a traditional enemy of his race, in the shape of a hellish hound. Dr. Mortimer, the friend and family physician of the dead man, called on Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, to solicit his aid in solving the mystery. He has given him all the details connected with Sir Charles' death, including the private one that the tracks of a huge hound were visible within a few yards of where the dead man was found.

Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr. Mortimer visit Holmes, and the story of his uncle's death and the circumstances are related to the young man. Holmes and Dr. Watson, following young Baskerville and Dr. Mortimer when they leave, perceive that they are also being watched by a man with a black beard in a cab. He gets away, but Holmes gets the number of his cab. The mysterious stranger tells cabman his name is Sherlock Holmes. Sir Henry finds another boot missing this time, one of an old pair. Despite warning, Sir Henry decides to go to Baskerville Hall, and Dr. Watson goes with him.

## *Chapter VI.*

The train pulled up at a small wayside station and we all descended. Outside, beyond the low, white fence, a wagonette with a pair of cobs was waiting. Our coming was evidently a great event, for stationmaster and porters clustered round us to carry out our luggage. It was a sweet, simple country spot, but I was surprised to observe that by the gate there stood two soldierly men in dark uniforms, who leaned upon their short rifles and glanced keenly at us as we passed. The coachman, a hard-faced, grizzled little fellow, saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were flying swiftly down the broad, white road. Rolling pasture lands curved upwards on either side of us, and old gabled houses peeped out from amid the thick green foliage, but behind the peaceful and sunlit country-side there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills.

The wagonette swung round into a side road, and we curved upwards through deep lanes worn by centuries of wheels, high banks on either side, heavy with dripping moss and fleshy hart's-tongue ferns. Bronzing bracken and mottled bramble gleamed in the light of the sinking sun. Still steadily rising, we passed over a narrow granite bridge, and skirted a noisy stream which gushed swiftly down, foaming and roaring amid the grey boulders. Both road and stream wound up through a valley dense with scrub oak and fir. At every turning Baskerville gave an exclamation of delight, looking eagerly about him and asking countless questions. To his eyes all seemed beautiful, but to me a tinge of melancholy lay upon the country-side, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year. Yellow leaves carpeted the lanes and fluttered down upon us as we passed. The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation—sad gifts, as it seemed to me, for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles.

"Halloa!" cried Dr. Mortimer, "what is this?"

A steep curve of heath-clad land, an outlying spur of the moor, lay in front of us. On the summit, hard and clear like an equestrian statue upon its pedestal, was a mounted soldier, dark and stern, his rifle poised ready over his forearm. He was watching the road along which we traveled.

"What is this, Perkins?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

Our driver half turned in his seat.

"There's a convict escaped from Princetown, sir. He's been out three days now, and the warders watch every road and every station, but they've had no sight of him yet. The farmers about here don't like it, sir, and that's a fact."

"Well, I understand that they get five pounds if they can give information."

"Yes, sir, but the chance of five pounds is but a poor thing compared to the chance of having your throat cut. You see, it isn't like any ordinary convict. This is a man that would stick at nothing."

"Who is he, then?"

"It is Selden, the Notting Hill murderer."

I remembered the case well, for it was one in which Holmes had taken an interest on account of the peculiar ferocity of the crime and the wanton brutality which had marked all the actions of the assassin. The commutation of his death sentence had been due to some doubts as to his complete sanity, so atrocious was his conduct. Our wagonette had topped a rise and in front of us rose the huge expanse of the moor, mottled with gnarled and craggy cairns and tors. A cold wind swept down from it and set us shivering. Somewhere there, on that desolate plain, was lurking the fiendish man, hiding in a burrow like a wild beast, his heart full of malignancy against the whole race which had cast him out. It needed but this to complete the grim suggestiveness of the barren waste, the chilling wind, and the darkling sky. Even Baskerville fell silent and pulled his overcoat more closely around him.

We had left the fertile country behind and beneath us. We looked back on it now the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold and glowing on the red earth new turned by the plough and the broad tangle of the woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline. Suddenly we looked down into a cup-like depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs, which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. The driver pointed with his whip.

"Baskerville Hall," said he.

Its master had risen and was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached the lodge gate, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters, but facing it was a new building, half constructed, the first fruit of Sir Charles' South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue, where the wheels were again hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a sombre tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.

"Was it here?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No, no, the Yew Alley is on the other side."

The young heir glanced round with a gloomy face.

"It's no wonder my uncle felt as if trouble were coming on him in such a place as this," said he. "It's enough to scare any man. I'll have a row of electric lamps up here inside of six months, and you won't know it again, with a thousand candle-power Swan and Edison right here in front of the hall door."

The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the center was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat-of-arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenelated and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.

"Welcome, Sir Henry! Welcome, to Baskerville Hall!"

A tall man had stepped from the shadow of the porch to open the door of the wagonette. The figure of a woman was silhouetted against the yellow light of the hall. She came out and helped the man to hand down our bags.

"You don't mind my driving straight home, Sir Henry?" said Dr. Mortimer. "My wife is expecting me."

"Surely you will stay and have some dinner?"

"No, I must go. I shall probably find some work awaiting me. I would stay to show you over the house, but Barrymore will be a better guide than I. Goodbye, and never hesitate night or day to send for me if I can be of service."

The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the other door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty and heavily raftered with huge balks of age-blackened oak. In the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped.

Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak panelling, the stags' heads, the coats-of-arms upon the walls, all dim and sombre in the subdued light of the central lamp.

"It's just as I imagined it," said Sir Henry. "Is is not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it."

I saw his dark face lit up with a boyish enthusiasm as he gazed about him. The light beat upon him where he stood, but long shadows trailed down the walls and hung like a black canopy above him. Barrymore had returned from taking our luggage to our rooms. He stood in front of us now with the subdued manner of a well-trained servant. He was a remarkable-looking man, tall, handsome, with a square black beard, and pale, distinguished features.

"Would you wish dinner to be served at once, sir?"

"Is it ready?"

"In a very few minutes, sir. You will find hot water in your rooms. My wife and I will be happy, Sir Henry, to stay with you until you have made your fresh arrangements, but you will understand that under the new conditions this house will require a considerable staff."

"What new conditions?"

"I only meant, sir, that Sir Charles led a very retired life, and we were able to look after his wants. You would, naturally, wish to have more company, and so you will need changes in your household."

"Do you mean that your wife and you wish to leave?"

"Only when it is quite convenient to you, sir."

"But your family have been with us for several generations, have they not? I should be sorry to begin my life here by breaking an old family connection."

I seemed to discern some signs of emotion upon the butler's white face.

"I feel that also, sir, and so does my wife. But to tell the truth, sir, we were both very much attached to Sir Charles, and his death gave us a shock and made these surroundings very painful to us. I fear that we shall never again be easy in our minds at Baskerville Hall."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that we shall succeed in establishing ourselves in some business. Sir Charles' generosity has given us the means to do so. And now, sir, perhaps, I had best show you to your rooms."

A square balustraded gallery ran round the top of the old hall, approached by a double stair. From this central point two long corridors extended the whole length of the building, from which all the bed-rooms opened. My own was in the same wing as Baskerville's and almost next door to it. These rooms appeared to be much more modern than the central part of the house, and the bright paper and numerous candles did something to remove the sombre impression which our arrival had left upon my mind.

But the dining-room which opened out of the hall was a place of shadow and gloom. It was a long chamber with a step separating the dais where the family sat from the lower portion reserved for their dependents. At one end a minstrel's gallery overlooked it. Black beams shot across above our heads, with a smoke-darkened ceiling beyond them. With rows of flaring torches to light it up, and the colour and rude hilarity of an old-time banquet, it might have softened; but now, when two black-clothed gentlemen sat in the little circle of light thrown by a shaded lamp, once's voice became hushed and one's spirit subdued. A dim line of ancestors, in every variety of dress, from the Elizabethan knight to the buck of the Regency, stared down upon us and daunted us by their silent company. We talked little, and I for one was glad when the meal was over and we were able to retire into the modern billiard-room and smoke a cigarette.

"My word, it isn't a very cheerful place," said Sir Henry. "I suppose one can tone down to it, but I feel a bit out of the picture at present. I don't wonder that my uncle got a little jumpy if he lived all alone in such a house as this. However, if it suits you, we will retire early to-night, and perhaps things may seem more cheerful in the morning."

I drew aside my curtains before I went to bed and looked out from my window. It opened upon the grassy space which lay in front of the hall door. Beyond, two copses of trees moaned and swung in a rising wind. A half moon broke through the rifts of racing clouds. In its cold light I saw beyond the trees a broken fringe of rocks, and the long, low curve of the melancholy moor. I closed the curtain, feeling that my last impression was in keeping with the rest.

And yet it was not quite the last. I found myself weary and yet wakeful, tossing restlessly from side to side, seeking for the sleep which would not come. Far away a chiming clock struck out the quarters of the hours, but otherwise a deathly silence lay upon the old house. And then suddenly, in the very dead of the night, there came a sound to my ears, clear, resonant, and unmistakable. It was the sob of a woman, the muffled, strangling gasp of one who is torn by an uncontrollable sorrow. I sat up in bed and listened intently. The noise could not have been far away and was certainly in the house. For half an hour I waited with every nerve on the alert, but there came no other sound save the chiming clock and the rustle of the ivy on the wall.

## *Chapter VII.*

### THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE.

The fresh beauty of the following morning did something to efface from our minds the grim and grey impression which had been left upon both of us by our first experience of Baskerville Hall. As Sir Henry and I sat at breakfast the sunlight flooded in through the high mullioned windows, throwing watery patches of color from the coats of arms which covered them. The dark panelling glowed like bronze in the golden rays, and it was hard to realize that this was indeed the chamber which had struck such a gloom into our souls upon the evenings before.

"I guess it is ourselves and not the house that we have to blame!" said the baronet. "We were tired with our journey and chilled by our drive, so we took a grey view of the place. Now we are fresh and well, so it is all cheerful once more."

"And yet it was not entirely a question of imagination," I answered. "Did you, for example, happen to hear someone, a woman I think, sobbing in the night?"

"That is curious, for I did when I was half asleep fancy that I heard something of the sort. I waited quite a time, but there was no more of it, so concluded that it was all a dream."

"I heard it distinctly, and I am sure that it was really the sob of a woman."

"We must ask about this right away." He rang the bell and asked Barrymore whether he could account for our experience. It seemed to me that the pallid features of the butler turned a shade paler still as he listened to his master's question.

"There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry," he answered. "One is the scullery-maid, who sleeps in the other wing. The other is my wife, and I can answer for it that the sound could not have come from her."

And yet he lied as he said it, for it chanced that after breakfast I met Mrs. Barymore in the long corridor with the sun full upon her face. She was a large impassive, heavy-featured woman with a stern set expression of mouth. But her teli-tale eyes were red and glanced at me from between swollen lids. It was she, then, who wept in the night, and if she did so her husband must know it. Yet he had taken the obvious risk of discovery in declaring that it was not so. Why had he done this? And why did she weep so bitterly? Already round this pale-faced, handsome, black-bearded man there was gathering an atmosphere of mystery and of gloom. It was he who had been the first to discover the body of Sir Charles, and we had only his word for all the circumstances which led up to the old man's death.

Was it possible that it was Barrymore after all whom we had seen in the cab in Regent Street? The beard might well have been the same. The cabman had described a somewhat shorter man, but such an impression might easily have been erroneous. How could I settle the point forever? Obviously the first thing to do was to see the Grimpen postmaster, and find whether the test telegram had really been placed in Barrymore's own hands. Be the answer what it might, I should at least have something to report to Sherlock Holmes.

Sir Henry had numerous papers to examine after breakfast, so that the time was propitious for my excursion. It was a pleasant walk of four miles along the edge of the moor, leading me at last to a small gray hamlet, in which two larger buildings, which proved to be the inn and the house of Dr. Mortimer, stood high above the rest. The postmaster, who was also the village grocer, had a clear recollection of the telegram.

"Certainly, sir," said he. "I had the telegram delivered to Mr. Barrymore exactly as directed."

"Who delivered it?"

"My boy here. James, you delivered that telegram to Mr. Barrymore at the Hall last week, did you not?"

"Yes, father, I delivered it."

"Into his own hands?" I asked.

"Well, he was up in the loft at the time, so that I could not put it into his own hands, but I gave it into Mrs. Barrymore's hands, and she promised to deliver it at once."

"Did you see Mr. Barrymore?"

"No, sir; I tell you he was in the loft."

"If you didn't see him, how did you know he was in the loft?"

"Well, surely his own wife ought to know where he is,' said the postmaster, testily. "Didn't he get the telegram? If there is any mistake it is for Mr. Barrymore himself to complain."

It seemed hopeless to pursue the inquiry any farther, but it was clear that in spite of Holmes' ruse we had no proof that Barrymore had not been in London all the time. Suppose that it were so—suppose that the same man had been the last who had seen Sir Charles alive, and the first to dog the new heir when he returned to England. What then? Was he the agent of others or had he some sinister design of his own? What interest could he have in persecuting the Baskerville family? I thought of the strange warning clipped out of the leading article of the Times. Was that his work or was it possibly the doing of some one who was bent upon counteracting his schemes? The only conceivable motive was that which had been suggested by Sir Henry, that if the family could be scared away a comfortable and permanent home would be secured for the Barrymores.

But assurely such an explanation as that would be quite inadequate to account for the deep and subtle scheming which seemed to be weaving an invisible net round the young baronet. Holmes himself had said that no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I prayed as I walked back along the grey lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his preoccupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility from my shoulders.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was prusuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, flaxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands.

"You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House."

"Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?"

"I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way, I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?"

"He is very well, thank you."

"We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles, the new baronet mught refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?"

"I do not think that it is likely."

"Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?"

"I ave heard it.

"It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end."

"But how?"

"His nerves were so worked up that the suggestion of any dog might have had a fatal effect upon his diseased heart.

I fancy that he really did see something of the kind upon that last night in the Yew Alley. I feared that some disaster might occur, for I was very fond of the old man, and I knew that his heart was weak."

"How did you know that?"

"My friend Mortimer told me."

"You think, then, that some dog pursued Sir Charles, and that he died of fright in consequence?"

"Have you any better explanation?"

"I have not come to any conclusion."

"Has Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

The words took away my breath for an instant, but a glance at the placid face and steadfast eyes of my companion showed that no surprise was intended.

"It is useless for us to pretend that we do not know you, Dr. Watson," said he. "The records of your detective have reached us here, and you could not celebrate him without being known yourself. When Mortimer told me your name he could not deny your identity. If you are here, then it follows that Mr. Sherlock Holmes is interesting himself in the matter, and I am naturally curious to know what view he may take."

"I am afraid that I cannot answer that question."

"May I ask if he is going to honor us with a visit himself?"

"He cannot leave town at present. He has other cases which engage his attention."

"What a pity! He might throw some light on that which is so dark to us. But as to your own researches, if there is any possible way in which I can be of service to you I trust that you will command me. If I had any indication of the nature of your suspicions, or how you propose to investigate the case, I might perhaps even now give you some aid or advice."

"I assure you that I am simply here upon a visit to my friend Sir Henry and that I need no help of any kind."

"Excellent!" Said Stapleton. "You are perfectly right to be wary and discreet. I am justly reproved for what I feel was an unjustifiable intrusion, and I promise you that I will not mention the matter again."

We had come to a point where a narrow grassy path struck off from the road and wound away across the moor. A steep, boulder-sprinkled hill lay upon the right which had in by-gone days been cut into a granite quarry. The face which was turned towards us formed a dark cliff, with ferns and brambles growing in its niches. From over a distant rise there floated a gray plume of smoke.

"A moderate walk along this moor-path brings us to Merripit House," said he. "Perhaps you will spare an hour that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister."

My first thought was that I should be by Sir Henry's side. But then I remembered the pile of papers and bills with which his study table was littered. It was certain that I could not help him with those. And Holmes had expressly said that I should study the neighbors upon the moor. I accepted Stapleton's invitation and we turned together down the path.

"It is a wonderful place, the moor," said he, looking round over the undulating downs, long green rollers, with crests of jagged granite foaming up into fantastic surges. "You never tire of the moor. You cannot think the wonderful secrets which it contains. It is so vast, and so barren, and so mysterious."

"You know it well, then?"

"I have only been here two years. The residents would call me a new comer. We came shortly after Sir Charles settled. But my tastes led me to explore every part of the country round, and I should think that there are few men who know it better than I do."

"Is it so hard to know?"

"Very hard. You see, for example, this great plain to the north here, with the queer hills breaking out of it. Do you observe anything remarkable about that?"

"It would be a rare place for a gallop."

"You would naturally think so and the thought has cost several their lives before now. You notice those bright green spots scattered thickly over it?"

"Yes, they seem more fertile than the rest."

Stapleton laughed.

"That is the great Grimpen Mire," said he. "A false step yonder means death to man or beast. Only yesterday I saw one of the moor ponies wander into it. He never came out. I saw his head for quite a long time craning out of the bog-hole, but it sucked him down at last. Even in dry seasons it is a danger to cross it, but after these autumn rains it is an awful place. And yet I can find my way to the very heart of it and return alive. By George, there is another of those miserable ponies!"

Something brown was rolling and tossing among the green sedges. Then a long, agonized, writhing neck shot upwards and a dreadful cry echoed over the moor. It turned me cold with horror but my companion's nerves seemed to be stronger than mine.

"It's gone!" said he. "The mire has him. Two in two days, and many more, perhaps, for they get in the way of going there in the dry weather, and never know the difference until the mire has them in its clutch. It's a bad place, the great Grimpen Mire."

"And you say you can penetrate it?"

"Yes, there are one or two paths which a very active man can take. I have found them out."

"But why should you wish to go into so horrible a place?"

"Well, you see the hills beyond? They are really islands, cut off on all sides by the impassable mire, which has crawled round them in the course of years. That is where the rare plants and the butterflies are, if you have the wit to reach them."

"I shall try my luck some day."

He looked at me with a surprised face.

"For God's sake put such an idea out of your mind," said he. "Your blood would be upon my head. I assure you that there would not be the least chance of your coming back alive. It is only by remembering certain complex landmarks that I am able to do it."

"Halloa!" I cried. "What is that?"

A long, low moan, indescribably sad, swept over the moor. It filled the whole air, and yet it was impossible to say whence it came. From a dull murmur it swelled into a deep roar, and then sank back into a melancholy, throbbing murmer once again. Stapleton looked at me with a curious expression in his face.

"Queer place, the moor!" said he.

"But what is it?"

"The peasants say it is the Hound of the Baskervilles calling for its prey. I've heard it once or twice before, but never quite so loud."

I looked round, with a chill of fear in my heart, at the huge swelling plain, mottled with the green patches of rushes. Nothing stirred over the vast expanse save a pair of ravens, which croaked loudly from a tor behind us.

(To Be Continued.)

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SECOND PAPER. THOMAS SULLY.

# Southern Artists

By MARY WASHINGTON.

Thomas Sully, though a native of England, born there in 1783, early became a naturalized son of the United States, his parents moving to this country in 1792. He began his career as painter in Charleston, S. C., but went to Richmond, Va., in 1803 and later to New York and Philadelphia, painting portraits in each of these cities, though he always regarded Richmond his home.

In 1837 he visited England to paint Queen Victoria in her coronation robes. This painting is owned by the St. George Society in Philadelphia, but was lent to England on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887.

Sully's organization fitted him to sympathize with the fair and lovely rather than with the grand and serious. He followed with the instinctive truth the principles of genuine taste. He has great freedom of touch and never exhibits any awkardness or constraint in his work.

Amongst his noted portraits are those of Jefferson (now at West Point), Lafayette and Commodore Decatuer (in the City Hall, New York,) Fanny Kemble, Dr. Benjamin Rush and George Frederick Cooke, in the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. His "Washington Crossing the Delaware," rendered so familiar by engravings, his "Woman at the Well," and "Girl Offering Flowers at a Shrine" are in the gallery of M. O. Roberts.

Sully was also an illustrator of books, and amongst his Shakesperean illustrations Meando is presumably the best, she having an expression of arch simplicity caught from nature itself. Sully's death occurred in 1872.

It is very noticeable that in the early days of American painting our artists devoted themselves chiefly to portrait painting, including miniatures, which were very carefully and finely executed by many of our early artists. Landscape painting to any considerable extent was a later development, and even now our American artists have scarcely gone beyond the threshold of the vast and grand range of subjects which nature offers them in our favored land. At the present day we may claim in our landscape art decided originality and a strong national feeling, our landscape artists showing in their works a marked preference for the scenery of their own country.

A very good representative of the art tendencies of the present day may be found in F. Hopkinson Smith, who was born in Baltimore in 1838 and who was a self-educated artist. He is a prominent member of the water color society, an association which he joined in 1871, under the influence of Albert Bellows. This medium had not been seriously used by our artists before 1865, when a collection of English water colors was exhibited in New York, which stimulated our artists to turn their attention more to this kind of painting, and their success in this line was marked and rapid, as was attested by the works of Bellows, Hopkinson Smith and others. In 1871 Smith contributed "Summer in the Woods of the White Mountains." In 1874, "Old Man of the Mountains;" in 1875, "Overlook Falls;" in 1876, "Summer Day" and "Grandfather's Home" and "Under the Leaves," the property of W. D. Sloane, New York. His "Deserted" belongs to Charles L. Havemeyer and his "Cool Spot" to John Jacob Astor. His professional life has been spent in New York. He is remarkably successful in delineating falling water and moss-covered rocks. He belongs to the same school of landscapists as Bellows, Durand and Whitbridge, the apostles of the school that, ceasing to devote itself to foreign subjects, painted American bright skies, smiling vegetation and beautiful scenery.

### The Negro Race Problem.

Editor of The Times:

Sir,—The negro race problem in the United States for years has engaged the thought of statesmen, editors, preachers etc. In the South, where the blacks are numerous and where they were once slaves, it is natural that such a subject should often be discussed. The Times of late has given this much-mooted question attention in its columns. I need not say that your editorials on the subject were strong and forcible. I believe you intend to do justice to the negro race. This is fair and just. On no subject do thinkers invariably agree in views they hold. It is ----y to expect fallible men everywhere on any subject to see eye to eye. On the subject of the negro race problem writers differ in their views as they do on other subjects. With weak fallible mortals the great trouble is to do justly and fairly by those against whom they have prejudice. To be fair, just, impartial and honest in our dealings with those we believe we have a right to regard with suspicion and distrust, not to say contempt, will surely call out the best principles of human nature. There are but few who reach up to this lofty attitude when they treat upon subjects that tempt them to show their narrow mindedness and prejudice. In the position on this subject taken by The Times, I believe, as you have strongly argued, there is force and truth. The colored people in the South take their environments into consideration, have as a race done well. I make this statement fully aware that in many instances negro brutes by their outrageous conduct have brought blots foul and awful upon their race. That the negro has invariably done acts of kindness to and always shown his friendship for his best friend—the Southern white man—this writer will not say. In many cases his conduct in such things has been reprehensible, but we must not forget the fact that the negroes when first freed were an ignorant set largely and were used by designing politicians as tools to carry out their plans for political capital. Politicians found it paid to fan the flames of racial hatred in the South and get the negro arrayed against his former white master.

As The Times has said, the negro was not responsible for his presence here nor for his state of servitude to the whites. Others than the negroes were responsible for such a state of things. That God Himself foresaw the great benefits to this inferior race that would accrue from their juxtaposition with the whites and permitted them to be in slavery for while and then freed them when the time came is so clearly manifest to the mind of the thinker that it would seem no sane person would call it in question.

An inferior, weaker race in close touch with Anglo-Saxons must mean that a great responsibility rests somewhere in this grave matter. No observant person will deny that already the whites have wonderfully helped the negroes. They are imitating us in a thousand ways. They are catching our spirit, waking up in efforts to amass property conduct business matters and obtain educational advantages. What the final fate of the negro in the United States will be, of course, no one can foresee. At present in large numbers he is in this grand country, and for many years he will be here. It will, in my humble judgment, depend upon the spirit and conduct of his superior neighbor—the white man—towards him that will determine largely his future fate; and I need not add that the character of his citizenship and private life will get its hue from the treatment the whites accord him. The final upshot may be that the negroes will all go to Africa to uplift and save their brethren there; but that is so far in the future that we need not discuss it.

In conclusion, it is a sad and humiliating confession to make that the conduct and lives of the whites before these weak ignorant blacks have in so many instances been evil and demoralizing. We denounce and burn at the stake without reference to law in the case the miserable brute who has insulted and outraged any white woman of this great country. Without discussing this painful revolting subject, truth and candor compel the statement that in too many instances representatives of the superior race have in giving loose reins to their passions and lusts acted wickedly towards the weaker race. The homely saying, "Chickens come home to roost," has much force if it be devoid of elegance. An old, but wise book tells us: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

E. P. PARHAM.

Petersburg, Va.,

# Some Facts About Tobacco

The interesting article in The Times of the 6th of July from the pen of Dr. Chas. A. Blackford on "Early Use and Growing of Tobacco in Virginia" suggests that further statistics with regard to the "pernicious weed" may not be without their uses.

The name of tobacco originated with the place of its birth, in the island of Tobago. In other countries it has been known by quite a variety of names, some of them indicating the esteem in which it was held by high dignitaries of the church. From the Grande Prieur of the house of Lorraine, who was very fond of it, it was called "herbe du grande Prieur." By the Cardinal St. Croix it was introduced into Italy and called the "herbe de St. Croix." The name Nicotiana came from Jean Nicot, envoy from France to Portugal, who sent some of the seed to Paris as early as 1559.

James the I. of England was not the only person high in authority to condemn the use of tobacco. The magistrates of Switzerland pnished those who yielded to its seductive charms, and Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should "take, snuff or use tobacco while in church." This bull, however, was revoked by Pope Benedict, who was himself immoderately fond of it. In Russia the penalty for its use was severe, entailing the loss of the nose. The staid and dignified Turk was made an object of ridicule by marching him through the streets with a pipe transfixed through his nose.

Many nations fought against the introduction of tobacco, but nearly all finally yielded to the public taste, which possibly became that also of those in authority.

The clay pipe of the American Indian gave place in Holland to conical tubes made of plaited palm leaves, and its cultivation began in that country in 1615, followed by Germany in 1629. The first published account of the plant was made by Romanus Pane, a Spanish monk, left in America by Columbus on his second voyage. By him tobacco was called cohoba. In Andre T. Nevel's Cosmographie, published in 1575, may be found the first print of the plant.

Every schoolboy knows the alarm of a servant of Sir Walter Raleigh, who on entering the room of his master and seeing smoke pouring from his mouth and nose thought him about to burst into flames; how he dashed water over him and flew to give the alram.

When Commissary Blair went to England in behalf of an educational movement for the colony of Virginia, in the heat of argument he dwelt upon the importance of a well-educated ministry for the saving of souls in Virginia. Seymeur, the English attorney general, who bitterly opposed the liberal policy of the King and Queen towards the colony, rudely replied: "Damn your souls, make tobacco."

And tobacco they did make, and do make with such success that the products of the Richmond factories are known over the world. In the far Northern marts are seen placards of Pocahontas coal and Mayo's plug.

### Increase the Police Force.

Editor of The Times:

Sir,—If you will kindly allow me I would like to state through the columns of your valuable paper that I think the proposed idea of increasing our present police force an excellent and much needed one.

Richmond has grown wonderfully during the past few years, and continues to grow daily, and her police force ought certainly grow with her.

The following incident happening in the western part of our city at 2 o'cock one morning last week, goes to show how inadequate our present "force of protection" is:

Burglars tried to break in a West Main Street home, but in so doing made such a noise that they were detected and fired at three different times, the shots awaking the neighbors and causing quite a disturbance. The burglars could be heard signaling to each other, but with all of this (including three pistol shots in the still hour of the night) not a policeman appeared on the scene, and to the best of my knowledge and belief not a man on the force knows of it to-day.

Hoping to see our present police enlarged, I am,

Respectfully,
A WEST END RESIDENT.

## MASTER OF HIS OWN FEET

**Senator Hanna's Greatness is Indicated by Way He Controls His Pedals.**

Little things sometimes indicate a man's greatness—or, at any rate, his characteristics.

"If you wish to know why Senator Hanna is a success watch his feet," said an astute Republican politician who has learned to study men from many standpoints. "Just why the feet should be the index to the man perhaps is not apparent at once," he continued, "but here is what you will see if you will take the trouble to watch Senator Hanna's feet:

"He will be standing during an evening in the best hotel in the city in which he happens to be stopping. He will never be given an opportunity for idleness. A gentleman and lady will step up and introduce a friend, others will follow, and for an hour or longer the genial Ohio Senator will stand shaking hands with a procession of people, exchanging pleasantries with old friends and making new acquaintances. During this time the pedal extremities of the Buckeye statesmen—and these extremities are in themselves a cause of admiration because of their shapeliness and neatness of dress—will never move from where they have been planted, not so much as a hair's breadth.

"Now, think what this means. It means that Senator Hanna has learned one of the most difficult feats of self-control. He wastes not the slightest particle of energy in movements that are unnecessary. If he has mastered this art with reference to the members of his body he has also mastered it with reference to his mind. This means that his mind rests exactly on an even keel, so to speak; that it grasps without the slightest confusion from surroundings the real subject in hand, whether that subject be a legislative proposition or a political problem infused with the influence of personality.

"Senator Hanna's feet show that Senator Hanna has perfect mastery of himself."